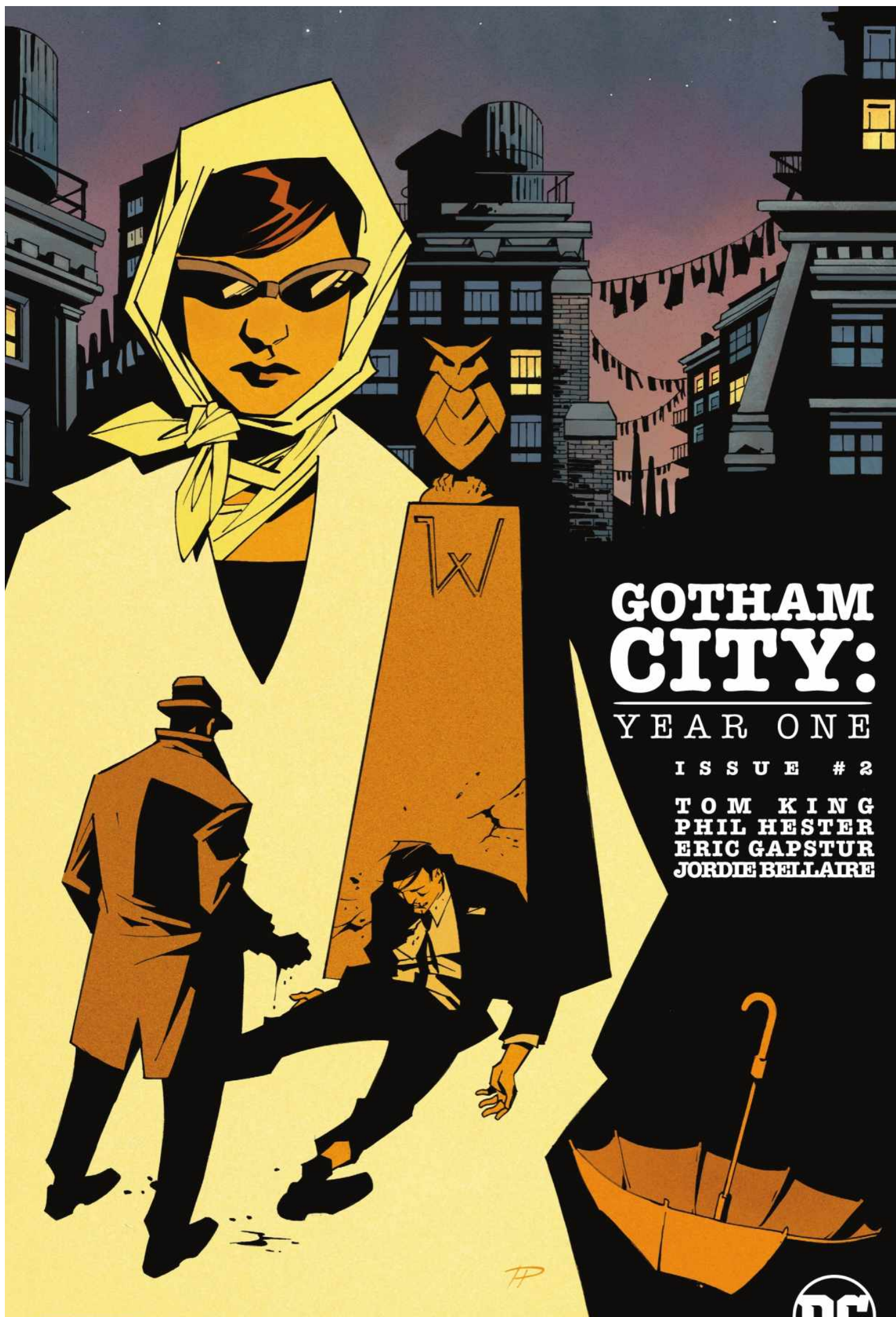




GOTHAM CITY:

YEAR ONE

ISSUE #2

TOM KING
PHIL HESTER
ERIC GAPSTUR
JORDIE BELLAIRE



DC'S PAST—AND FUTURE—WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

© & TM DC.

A 48-page one-shot special

Written by
GEOFF JOHNS

Art by
STEVE LIEBER
JERRY ORDWAY



THERE HAVE BEEN SIX MURDERS IN GOTHAM CITY THIS CALENDAR YEAR.

"MR. LEO STARR ADMINISTERED A POISON TO HIS WIFE, WHO WAS DYING OF CANCER.

"HE CALLED THE POLICE AFTER SHE PASSED, AND IMMEDIATELY CONFESSED.

"MISS STELLA DRAITCH SUFFOCATED HER NEWBORN CHILD FOR FEAR THAT HER AFFAIR WITH HIS FATHER WOULD BE FOUND OUT.

"THE BOY WAS BURIED IN A JACKET WE TRACED BACK TO HER. WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE EVIDENCE, SHE ADMITTED TO THE CRIME.

"MR. CHARLES PANZA STABBED HIS MOTHER IN HER HEART IN AUTUMN. HE TOO PHONED THE POLICE AND CLAIMED IT WAS IN SELF-DEFENSE.

"YOUR INVESTIGATION LATER REVEALED THAT MR. PANZA HAD TAKEN OUT A SIGNIFICANT INSURANCE POLICY ON HIS MOTHER NOT A WEEK BEFORE.

"THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD MR. DONNIE WHEELSON GOT AHOOLD OF HIS FATHER'S PISTOL AND FIRED IT INTO HIS OLDER BROTHER, WHO WAS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

"THEY WERE ARGUING OVER THE SATURDAY MORNING SERIAL. THE BOY DID NOT SEEK TO HIDE THE CRIME.

"MR. ADAM PORTIS, A VAGRANT, USED A METAL PIPE TO BLUDGEON MR. JOHN FITCH, WHO WAS WALKING HOME FROM HIS PLUMBING JOB.

"PORTIS WAS DRUNK. HIT THE MAN. STOLE HIS WATCH. HE LATER TRIED TO SELL THE WATCH AT A PAWN SHOP AND WAS IDENTIFIED AND ARRESTED.

"MR. GIL SAIZ GOT INTO A FISTFIGHT WITH HIS LINE SUPERVISOR, MR. ANDREW PUCKET. SAIZ BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH HIS FISTS.

"WHEN HE WAS DONE, HE

It was about seven in the morning.

SIX. ALL ACCOUNTED FOR. ALL SOLVED. I OVERSAW EACH PERSONALLY.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY MURDERS METROPOLIS HAS HAD IN THAT SAME TIME PERIOD?

At least, that was my best guess.

NO, COMMISSIONER.

We'd been going since last night.

74. 31 UNSOLVED.

AND WE'VE GOT ALMOST TWICE THEIR POPULATION.

I based the time on their coffee breaks, which seemed to come on the hour.

CONGRATULATIONS, COMMISSIONER.

People have all sorts of theories on why the GCPD is so good.

THIS IS THE SAFEST CITY IN THE COUNTRY. AND, I BELIEVE, IN THE WORLD.

DO YOU THINK, WITH A RECORD LIKE THAT, I AM GOING TO JUST LET THE MURDERER OF MR. JOHN DAWSON GO OFF INTO THE PLEASANT NIGHT?

Personally, I think it's the regularity of their coffee intake.

NO, COMMISSIONER.

"JOHNNY WORKED FOR ME. LIKE A *SECRETARY*. LAST TIME I SAW JOHNNY WAS YESTERDAY. HE WAS HEADED OUT TO GET LUNCH.

"AND YES, HE SOMETIMES CARRIES MY GUN AS PART OF OUR JOB, AND I GUESS HE HAD IT ON HIM THEN. I DIDN'T ASK."

GOING TO GO GRAB SOME GRUB, BOSS.

"BEFORE HE CAME BACK, I ALSO LEFT.

"I'M WORKING A DIVORCE CASE UP IN THE SPRANG DISTRICT. WIFE THINKS HER HUSBAND HAS A LIAISON IN THE PARK THERE.

"NO HUSBAND IN THE PARK. I RODE A BENCH UNTIL AFTER SUNSET.



"I DRANK SOME TO PASS THE TIME.

"WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE OFFICE AROUND SEVEN, JOHNNY WASN'T THERE. I FIGURED HE HAD GONE HOME. DIDN'T GIVE IT TWO THOUGHTS.

"I SAT DOWN AT MY DESK. I PASSED OUT AT MY DESK.

"TOO MUCH BOOZE, SLEPT SOUNDLY, MISSED YOUR CALLS.



"FINALLY, ONE WOKE ME UP. THANK YOU FOR THAT. SO I WENT DOWN TO THE SOUTH SIDE, WHERE YOU TOLD ME TO GO. SAW THE BODY.

"VOLUNTEERED TO COME DOWNTOWN TO TALK TO YOUR MEN.

"AND I'VE BEEN SINGING



I was lying.

YOU'RE LYING.

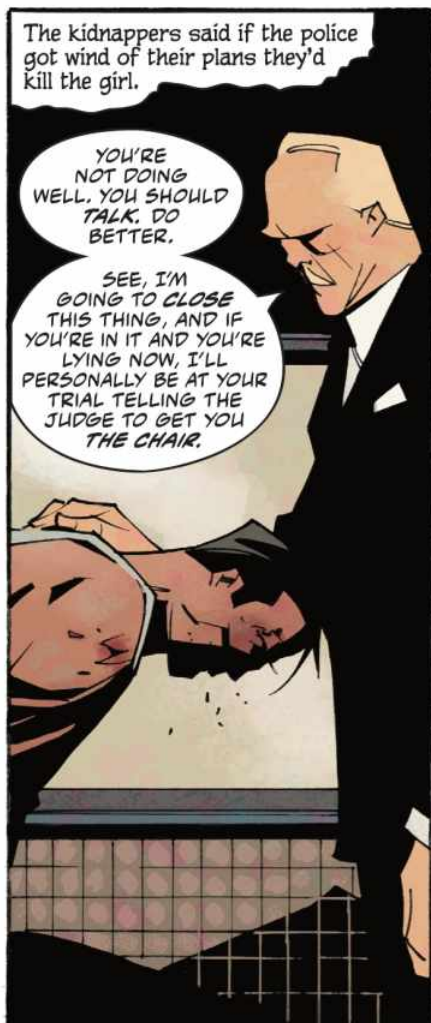


I'd actually been at the Waynes' being drafted to help deliver money to whoever kidnapped their young daughter.



NO, SIR. I'LL STAY HERE ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT AGAIN.

THIS WAS MY FRIEND. JOHNNY BOY. I WANT TO HELP YOU AS MUCH AS I CAN.



The kidnappers said if the police got wind of their plans they'd kill the girl.

YOU'RE NOT DOING WELL. YOU SHOULD TALK. DO BETTER.

SEE, I'M GOING TO CLOSE THIS THING, AND IF YOU'RE IN IT AND YOU'RE LYING NOW, I'LL PERSONALLY BE AT YOUR TRIAL TELLING THE JUDGE TO GET YOU THE CHAIR.



If I had told the police where I was and why, they'd have been all over the case and it would've leaked out good and fast.

THIS IS NOT SOME SCUM-SLUM WHERE YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH YOUR SINS.

THIS IS GOTHAM.

WHERE THE ANGELS RISE.



So I kept my mouth shut and dealt with what came with that.

AND THE DEVILS BURN.

**Written by
Tom King**

CHAPTER TWO

**Pencils by
Phil Hester**

**Inks by
Eric Gapstur**

**Colors by
Jordie Bellaire**

**Letters by
Clayton Cowles**

**Main Cover by
Phil Hester,
Eric Gapstur
& Jordie Bellaire**

**Variant Cover by
Cully Hamner**

**1:25 Variant Cover by
Natali Sanders**

**Editor
Ben Abernathy**



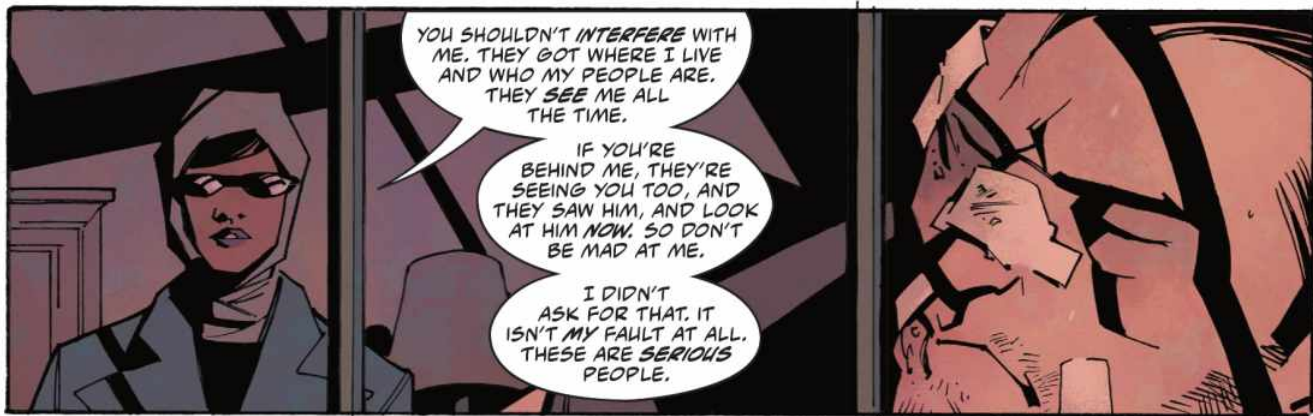
This comic contains language of a racially offensive nature and may not be suitable for all age groups. Its inclusion is an intentional creative choice intended to highlight the fact that language of this type was frequently deployed in past decades and remains in use today, even as contexts evolve. Readers for whom such language is triggering or hurtful should be advised.







WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
THAT?



YOU SHOULDN'T INTERFERE WITH
ME. THEY GOT WHERE I LIVE
AND WHO MY PEOPLE ARE.
THEY SEE ME ALL
THE TIME.

IF YOU'RE
BEHIND ME, THEY'RE
SEEING YOU TOO, AND
THEY SAW HIM, AND LOOK
AT HIM NOW. SO DON'T
BE MAD AT ME.

I DIDN'T
ASK FOR THAT. IT
ISN'T MY FAULT AT ALL.
THESE ARE SERIOUS
PEOPLE.



YOU WANT
TO SIT DOWN?
THERE'S A CHAIR
BY THE
DESK.

IT'S
TOO EARLY
TO DRINK.
YOU WANT
MILK?



YOU HEARING ME? I DON'T WANT
YOU TO GO GRABBING ME
AND TOSSING ME AND
SLAPPING ME.

SCREECHING AT
ME AND ASKING ME
ALL SORTS OF THINGS
ABOUT WHERE I COME
FROM AND HOW I GOT
HERE AND WHAT
I NEED.

THERE'RE
CONSEQUENCES
FOR THAT NOW. ISN'T
MY CHOICE, BUT IT'LL
HAPPEN ALL
THE SAME.

I'VE BEEN
PUSHED AROUND
PLENTY LATELY. IT
DIDN'T WORK MUCH
ON ME.

THAT ROUGH
STUFF GO OVER
WITH YOU?

NO.

BUT I
THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT GIVE IT A
WHIRL AND WANTED
YOU TO BE PREPARED
FOR THE AFTERMATH
OF ANY SUCH
DECISION.



YOU KNOW THE
BAT-MAN?



WHAT'S A
"BAT-MAN"?

YOU
MEAN LIKE
BASEBALL?



THAT'S THE GUY WHO WROTE THE
NOTE YOU LEFT ME TO GIVE TO THE
WAYNES. THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE
ALL CALLING HIM.

YOU KNOW
WHO WROTE
THAT NOTE? YOUR
SERIOUS
PEOPLE?



WHAT? I
THOUGHT YOU
SAID IT WAS TOO
EARLY FOR
DRINK.



TOO EARLY FOR YOU.
A LITTLE LATE
FOR ME.

LET'S
MEET IN THE
MIDDLE.



LISTEN,
SUE, I GOT A
MESSAGE FOR
THE BAT-
MAN.

THE WAYNES
SAY YES. YES,
OKAY?

I'LL HAVE
WHAT THE BAT-MAN
ASKED FOR. JUST TELL
ME HOW TO GIVE IT
TO HIM.

YOU GOT
THAT? YES, AND THE
INSTRUCTIONS.



I GOT
IT.



ALL RIGHT, THEN GET OUT OF HERE AND TELL HIM.

I'M GOING TO SLEEP. I'LL BE BACK AT THE OFFICE BY FOUR. MEET ME THERE WITH AN ANSWER.



THAT ALL OF IT?



UNLESS YOU CAN THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.

I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.



NO, SIR.



WAIT, I DO HAVE ONE, ONE MORE THING.

THEY GOT JOHNNY BOY, FINE, THAT ONE'S ON ME. I TRIED SOMETHING WICKED, AND I PAID FOR IT.

BUT IF THAT BABY'S HURT, A HAIR ON HER HEAD, I'M PLAYING THIS STRAIGHT NOW, AND THAT'S GOING TO BE ON THEM.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANY BABY, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T--



I HEARD YOU. THEY'RE SERIOUS PEOPLE, SUE.

FINE.

I'LL MAKE SURE NOT TO LAUGH TOO MUCH AT THEIR FUNERAL.



I got back to my office
at three and found a
letter on the floor.

This one addressed
to me, not Wayne.

Slam Bradley

I'd told her four.
I'd told her in
person.

I opened it.

RIPPP

YOU WILL MEET AT TOP OF ROOF OF
FINGER APARTMENT ON SIX SEVEN
STREET. 1AM. YOU WILL HAVE
100,000 IN THE BAGS. SMALL BILLS.
10. 20. NO MONEY COUNTING! NO
TRICKING! BABY GOOD BUT READY TO
HAVE MOMMY WE HAVE GOOD
WOMAN TAKING CARE.

WE WATCH YOU KNOW NOW. POLICE
ARE THERE AND BABY IS VERY BAD.
BE GOOD.



Then I took it
over to the
Waynes.

I WILL BE
GOING WITH
YOU.



RICHARD--



THIS IS NOT UP FOR DISCUSSION, CONSTANCE.

IT SHOULD BE SEEN THROUGH.



I'M NOT SURE THAT'S THE *SMARTEST* IDEA, MR. WAYNE.

IF YOU WANT TO DO IT *THEIR* WAY, WELL, MAYBE THAT'S THE BEST WAY TO DO IT. SIMPLE AND EASY, DONE AND DONE.

IF YOU WANT TO GO *ANOTHER* WAY, THAT'S A DIFFERENT TALK.



AND MAYBE THE *RIGHT* WAY IS TO GET OUR HANDS ALL OVER THIS THING. IT'S A *ROOFTOP*. NOT SO MANY WAYS IN AND OUT.

I COULD GET YOU AN *ARMY* OF MEN WATCHING, READY TO JUMP. THEY COME FOR THE MONEY, AND WE TAKE THEM AND THE *BABY*.



NO. I DON'T WANT TO PUSH THEM OVER INTO SOMETHING *RASH*. I'LL STAY BACK. BRADLEY CAN STILL TAKE FRONT AND CENTER.

THEY'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I'M THERE IF THEY SEE ME. IF THEY SEE *YOU* OR YOUR PEOPLE, LODER, LORD KNOWS.

BUT I'M HER *FATHER*. I SHOULD BE THERE. IN PERSON. JUST IN CASE.









"LODER TELLS
ME YOU'RE FRIENDLY
WITH THE NEGROES,
MR. BRADLEY."



I GET
BY.



PERHAPS
WHEN THIS
TROUBLE IS OVER,
YOU MIGHT HELP
ME WITH THOSE
PEOPLE.



I'M SURE
YOU HAVE HEARD
THERE HAVE BEEN SOME
STRANGE OBJECTIONS
FROM THEIR QUARTER TO A
NEW FACILITY I'M PUTTING
UP ON THE SOUTH
SIDE.

IT'S ALL
LUDICROUS--THIS IS
FOR THEIR BENEFIT IF
ANYTHING--BUT I COULD
USE A MAN WHO CAN
PENETRATE THAT
MUCK.



"MR. WAYNE, WITH ALL RESPECT, FOR ALL
YOU KNOW, AS YOU'VE NOTED, I COULD
BE THE ONE WHO TOOK YOUR DAUGHTER.

"AND NOW YOU'RE
OFFERING ME A
JOB?"







It was another wet
and cold night.

I should've brought
an umbrella. That
would've been the
smart move.

But sometimes
I'm not that
smart.

HELLO.
AGAIN.

Her, on the
other hand.

YOU
GOT A
GUN?





IT'S DONE.

WHAT IS IT? WERE THEY THERE? WHERE'S HELEN?



NO, THEY DON'T HAVE HER. NO, IT'S A CON OR IT'S NOT RIGHT. THEY WANT THE MONEY FOR AN ENVELOPE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S EVEN IN IT.

IT'S NOT AN OFFER WORTH TAKING. WE'LL WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

THEY HAVE MY BABY! YOU NEED TO GET HER BACK!



SIR, MR. WAYNE, I'VE HAD ENOUGH PEOPLE WITH HANDS ON ME IN THE LAST FEW DAYS.

I ASK YOU TO REMOVE THAT BEFORE I HAVE TO.



YOU GO BACK OUT THERE, YOU LAZY COWARD! AND YOU GIVE THEM THE MONEY!

IT'S NOT YOURS! SHE'S NOT YOUR DAUGHTER!

YOU GO OUT THERE AND YOU DO IT!

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF OF ME, SIR.

NOW.





I went up to the rooftop.
Again. The rain hadn't
let up any.

I dropped the bag
on the ground.

ALL
RIGHT.



She gave me
the letter.

THANK YOU
SO VERY MUCH.
I LIKE THIS, I WAS
HONESTLY WORRIED
THERE, MISTER--I DON'T
SEE A REASON TO
LIE TO YOU.

THIS IS
MORE FUN AND
BETTER AND NICER, BECAUSE
THEY CAN GET AWFUL ANGRY,
AND I DON'T EVEN WANT TO
HAVE TO HANDLE ALL OF THAT.



I put the letter in
my coat pocket
to keep it dry.

THANK
YOU.



She walked away from
me, to the edge of the
building.

AREN'T
YOU
POLITE.

I THOUGHT
I'D GET MORE
THREATS. THIS BEING
THE BIG GOODBYE,
HON.

"I'LL MAKE
SURE NOT TO
LAUGH TOO MUCH
AT THEIR FUNERAL!"
ISN'T THAT FUNNY?
I LAUGHED
AT THAT.

I watched her
hoist herself
onto the ledge.

37 stories up.
37 stories
down.

YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU NEED
TO KNOW.

WHERE
ARE YOU GOING
NOW?

She stood
there, said
her peace...

OH, I GUESS IT'S LIKE
WHAT THEY SAY IN
ALL THE BOOKS THEY
MAKE YOU READ IN
SCHOOL.

YOU WORK
HARD, PULL REAL
TIGHT ON YOUR
BOOTSTRAPS...

...and jumped.

...AND
THE SKY'S THE
LIMIT.





I ran after her. I'd never seen anything like it.

I expected to find her dead on the concrete below, the money scattered. Passersby shrieking, looking up to the sky.



Instead, she landed softly on the building across the way.

Like a cat.



She waved at me.



As if we were friends.



Then she took off.



It was too far.

All I could do was watch her go.

I swear.



Wayne tore open the letter like a child on Christmas morning.

THEY ARE LEAVING HELEN IN THE MILLER CEMETERY ON VARNEY.

NEXT TO THE GRAVE SITE OF MY MOTHER AND FATHER. THEY SAY I'D KNOW THAT ONE. I DO. IT'S NOT THAT FAR FROM HERE. BUT STILL...

LORD. THEY'RE LEAVING HER? IN THIS WEATHER?



I urged him to call the police. They'd get there faster than we would.

But he continued to insist on following the instructions.



We arrived at the graveyard around 1:20.

The gate was locked.



So we scaled it.

For a rich boy, Wayne could move pretty fast and got over before I did.



His hopes were high.

THIS WAY, IT'S RIGHT AFTER THESE ROWS HERE!

FASTER, MAN, FASTER!

DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?!

Unfortunately...



JONAH
& MILDRED
WAYNE
They Who Gave Us Gotham

WHERE...

...WHERE
IS SHE?!

THEY SAID
HERE! DO YOU
SEE HER?! DO YOU
HEAR HER MAYBE?!
WHERE...

HELEN!
HELEN! DADDY'S
HERE!



MR.
WAYNE...



NO, NO,
SHE'S--WHERE
IS SHE?!

HELEN!
WHERE ARE YOU,
HONEY?!

HELEN!
MY HELEN!
PLEASE!



SIR, THEY LIED.
SHE--

WE NEED
TO GO TO A
PHONE. CALL
THE POLICE.

WE
CAN--





The cops wanted me for murder.

The kidnapers had played me for a fool.

And the most powerful man in the city was sinking into the dead mud below me, his blood still wet on my fist.

I was falling and falling hard.

And though I didn't know it then, I'd learn soon enough.

I was taking all of Gotham with me.



**OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE DC UNIVERSE...
MEET THE CRISIS AVERSION TACTICAL SQUAD!**

WILDCATS

**FROM
THE PAGES
OF BATMAN!**

Written by
**MATTHEW
ROSENBERG**

Art by
**STEPHEN
SEGOVIA**

The WildC.A.T.s
are back monthly
starting in
NOVEMBER

Don't miss the
Wildstorm 20th Anniversary





Whazzzup! All November, DC gives props to a totally radical decade with '90s Rewind variant covers and some very special new projects that have roots in the decade that brought us grunge music, frosted tips, and electric Superman. Miss these comics? As if!

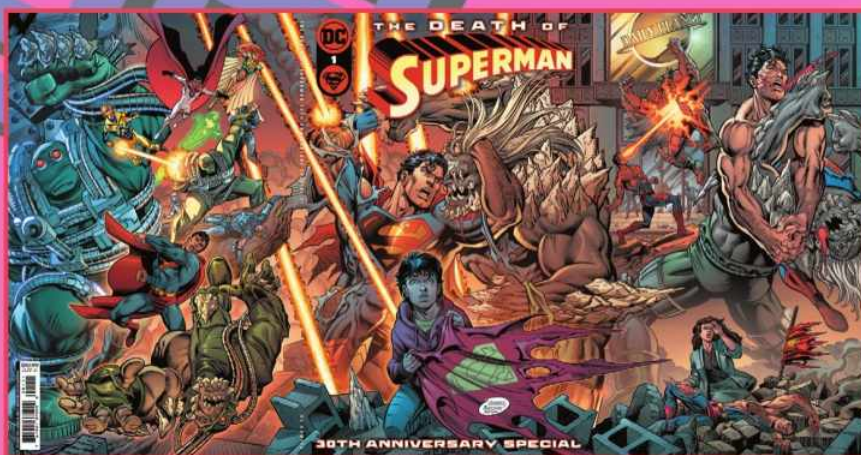
'90s REWIND VARIANT COVERS

Throughout November, keep an eye out for 19 different '90s Rewind variant covers celebrating one of the most colorful decades in DC history—complete with retro logos! Of course, it wouldn't be the '90s without some truly off-the-chain cover treatments, and we have you covered, as select '90s variants will be foil covers with multi-level emboss.



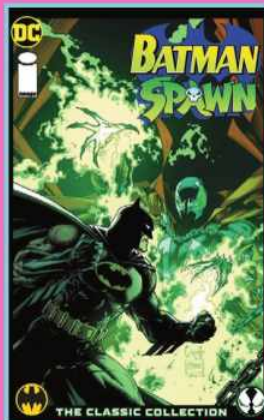
THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN 30TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

Three decades ago, Doomsday killed Superman in one of the most historic moments in comic book history. Now the original creative teams reunite for a special oversize issue featuring four all-new stories, including the introduction of... Doombreaker! Plus, don't miss *The Death of Superman 30th Anniversary Deluxe Edition* hardcover, on sale in December.



BATMAN/SPAWN: THE CLASSIC COLLECTION

Before the brand-new, all-awesome *Batman/Spawn* one-shot arrives in comics shops this December, the two original '90s stories pairing the Dark Knight and Todd McFarlane's iconic antihero—*Batman/Spawn: War Devil* and *Spawn/Batman*—are back in print in one hardcover volume!



WILDSTORM 30TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

In 1992, Jim Lee changed comics history with the founding of WildStorm Productions, and this 100-page one-shot celebrates the legacy of the imprint, with key reprints and new stories charting the future of WildStorm characters in the DC Universe! Speaking of which, November also sees the reimagined *WildC.A.T.s* #1 and DC Black Label's *Waller vs. WildStorm* #1!



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The Last Kryptonian-DCP

